2:Lowie E-4 (no date) 1946 SP8 Bororo SP8

836 **Marriage.**—There is much premarital license for girls, who are
582 abducted into the men's club. Apart from moiety exogamy and
174 preferential clan unions, the kinship nomenclature suggests marriage with the father's eldest sister's daughter and with the father's younger sister. The actual occurrence of such arrangements, however, is as
595 yet undemonstrated. On the other hand, sororal bigamy and the simultaneous marriage with a woman and her daughter by a previous
591 husband are observed facts. Residence is matrilocal.

763 **Death observances.**—A dying person (das Garças group) is smeared with urucú amid feminine lamentations. The corpse is cov-
602 ered and must no longer be seen by the women and children. Kinsfolk
764 gash themselves, so as to make the blood trickle on the bier. Indoors a long chant begins to the accompaniment of gourd rattles. The dead person is wrapped and tied in a mat with all his possessions, including his broken bow and arrows. At sunset the body is taken to the men's
[622] club, where the chiefs chant and shake their rattles all night. After a brief rest in the morning, the song is resumed and continues until sunset. Near the club the young men prepare a shallow provisional grave. The mourners again wail, gash themselves, tear out or cut their hair, and spatter blood on the burial. Until the close of the mourning period, male relations avoid urucú and kinswomen put on a special girdle.

764 Mortuary rites are combined with other ceremonies. On the eve
224 of the burial the people organize a hunt in honor of the dead, the game being brought to the bereaved and communally eaten. A
[616] mourner gives to the valiant hunter of the opposite moiety the hairs he has plucked from his head and a gourd trumpet. Both the hair and the gourd represent the deceased person's soul (aroe). For a fortnight chanting continues in the mourners' hut, then the flesh is removed from the corpse. Young men now impersonate the mythical hero Mariddo (pl. 87), who danced for hours with a heavy bundle on his head, their vain efforts to emulate this feat arousing general hilarity as the parcel falls to the ground. At this juncture bull-roarers are wielded, representing a large mythical beast. The hunter reappears in a disguise as the dead man's representative and the mourners lead him from the club. Women and children would die at sight of either him
88 / or the bull-roarer. On the other hand, this is precisely the time for
764 initiating boys deemed old enough. Accordingly, several nude youths plastered with mud represent the mythical animal and, after caressing the hunter, frighten the novices with yells and pelt them with mud before allowing them to see the bull-roarers. Thus the funeral rites involve a boys' initiation.

765 After a night's chanting, the corpse is unwrapped, the bones spread
764 out, washed in a stream, and then carried to the club, where the souls

2:Lowie E-4 (no date) 1946 SP8 Bororo SP8

of the dead are invited to a general repast. Women bring food to the door, but never enter it. The bones are painted with urucú, then the man's clan colors are put on in feathers; a mat screens the decorators from the women brought to join in the songs. The skull is decorated with feathers and shown to the mourners, then all the bones are put into the basket. Once more the kin gash themselves, finally a woman takes the basket on her back, and hangs it from a stick planted near the hut of the deceased. The next morning the hunter, impersonating the dead man, and the mourners bury the basket in a stream at a depth of several meters, with a stick projecting above the water.

On the São Lourenço River the corpse is interred in the woods 2 or 3 days after death, and the ultimate fleshing and disposal of the bones occurs a fortnight later.

ESTHETIC AND RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES

Art.—The *Bororo* draw hunting scenes in the sand, e. g., an Indian shooting a tapir. They also will dig up sand so as to mark a beast's contours, then fill in the pit with grayish-white ashes, denoting the eyes and a jaguar's spots with dark sand. Bull-roarers are typically blackened at the ends, the intervening space receiving a coat of urucú as background for black designs; Von den Steinen (1894) notes as two main motifs women's bark girdles or bands, and semicircles enclosing dots to represent the skulls prepared for burial. His semicircles are arranged in two symmetrical pairs, but with a single semicircle above them, whereas Lévi-Strauss' (1936) illustrations show merely two vertical series of dot-enclosing semicircles, which differ from Von den Steinen's (1894) sample in being halved by a horizontal stroke. Colored designs figure prominently on decorative arrows, the precise arrangement of the colors and the length of the painted bands being more significant as clan emblems than, say, the use of blue and yellow by itself. The red and black designs serving as clan badges on the pennants of penis sheaths likewise require notice under this head. These decorations are not always wholly geometrical, for the pennant of a Tapir clan sheath displays the realistic shape of a puma. On the skin worn in the *Western Bororo* Jaguar dance, witnessed by Koslowsky (1895 b), a series of filled-in hourglass figures, each pair enclosing a blank lozenge, constitute the chief design.

Games.—Archery and wrestling are athletic sports. The latter, which may beguile the time during a spinning-bee in the men's house, has a definite technique with tripping of the opponent and thrusts at the hollow of his knee. A toy consists of a ball of maize husks decorated with arara feathers.

Musical instruments.—These included deer-hoof and gourd rattles; whistles to signal in hunting; complex trumpets with bamboo

2:Lowie E-4 (no date) 1946 SP8 Bororo SP8

(2) Radically distinct is the cult of the dead (aroe). Every aroe is tangibly represented in two ways: by its impersonator at the funeral ceremony, and by a flageolet with a gourd bearing the distinctive clan designs and preserved by the dead person's clansmen in memory of him. The aroe come to the village to eat, drink, or dance; foretell the future; cause illness; and otherwise intimately affect the daily life of the Indians. The aroe commune with the Indians through a medium, the aroettawarari, whom they possess or enlighten in dreams and who may summon them by a special ceremony. 769 715 [765] [614]

The aroettawarari naturally may not perform the rite of offering food sacred to the bope, but his other duties are largely similar. On behalf of clients he may call the aroe who possess him, led by their spokesman. Treatment of the sick here, too, requires smoking, blowing, suction, and expectoration; and the doctor utters his prognosis. However, in these cases disease seems to be ascribed to the stench emitted by certain aroe. The call comes to the aroettawarari in a manner similar to that followed in the bari's initiation; only the beings that bless him are of a distinct category. Often in the shape of a tapir he allows himself to be pursued by the hunters and even to be killed. Then he resumes his normal form and eats of the slain tapir. Anciently, no woman could be a bari; the office of aroettawarari, however, was open to both sexes. 756 715 753 [562]

Notwithstanding the theoretical antithesis and actual animosity of the two types of practitioners, it happens that the same person holds both offices. Tonelli (1927) surmises that this may have originated in villages without a bari, hence deprived of the chance of eating some vital foods unless the power of consecrating them were transferred to the rival office. That the close parallels noted between the two types of medicine men go back to a single origin cannot be doubted. 756 174

MYTHOLOGY

The twin heroes, Bakororo and Itubori, figure as exemplars and transformers; Bakororo plays the major part and is associated with a musical instrument used ceremonially. The myth resembles a common Brazilian tale: A jaguar who has conquered an Indian in wrestling permits him to depart in return for the loser's daughter, whom the victor marries. He warns her against his grandmother, a caterpillar, who makes the wife fall dead from laughter. Returning, he performs a Caesarean operation to extract the twins, who burn the old hag in order to avenge their mother. On learning that a falcon has eaten their mother, they kill it. Then Bakororo orders the species to abstain henceforth from human flesh, ordaining what shall be its food; and he similarly fixes the proper sustenance for hitherto man-eating storks, parrots, fish, and snakes. The souls of the dead go either to Bakororo in the extreme west, or to Itubori in the extreme east. 773 [171] [775]

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*601 82 it will be considered the person's father or grandmother. If a Bororo killed a bird and brought it into the village, it is quite common to hear another Bororo jokingly tell the hunter: "Alas! You killed my poor little grandfather" (Aru! Ichare are iyedaga pega-rogu bitto).

*601 768 616 Change of Kinship Terms on the Occasion of Death

Another important transfer of terms is connected with funeral ceremonies. On this occasion, the terms that are normally used only for people of one's own moiety are extended to the people of the other moiety. Every person who dies must have a living mother who will continue to take care of him, cooking for him the food for the festive "meal of the spirits" which takes place in the plaza of the village. [765] If the true mother is already dead, some other woman of her lineage will take her place and the new mother will be called "mother" by all the people who slash themselves to express their sorrow, without regard to whether they are from one or the other moiety. The husband of this woman will be called "father." Thus somebody may acquire a "mother" of the other moiety and a "father" who was a "brother" before that. The new terms are used both referentially and vocatively and the previous designations are dropped. Every person who dies should also have his living representative chosen from the male members of the opposite moiety. This man will take the place of the dead person within the lineage, and he will be addressed by the kinsmen of the dead person by the same term they used for the dead. Necessary adjustments are made for

*601 the change of sex if the dead person was a woman.
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616 Not all the informants agree on the exact rules for these changes. For example, some say that the dead woman's younger siblings will call the representative imana (a man's older brother) or ivuri (a woman's older brother). Others say that only male siblings will call him imana, while the female siblings will call him by the same term their "mother" uses, i.e., itonaregedu (child). Only when the representative fulfills his duty and kills one of the established animals for retribution, mori, will he become their older brother, [602] evuri. The representative will inherit all the relations in the dead person's kin group, and he will provide his new mother with meat and fish to be cooked for the "meal of the [593] spirits." The relationships between him and the siblings of the dead usually become looser with time, but the bond between the new mother and the new son persists throughout their lives.

Also the wife or husband of the deceased are temporarily [764] called by different terms. Throughout the period of the funeral ceremonies they are called and referred to by all the people participating in the ceremonies as respectively "my mother" and "my father." The widow and widower help the "mother" and "father" in carrying out their ceremonial duties.

Terms Used in Songs and Crying

*601 A different set of terms, which are considered more po-
533
765 etic, are used in songs and in crying for a dead relative:
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* 601	ikimamomo	is substituted	for	iyedaqa
533	ikimado	"	"	"	imarugo
• 765	itare	"	"	"	iyoqwa and itoredu
195	itaredo	"	"	"	imuga and itoreduje
	imana aredu	"	"	"	ituye
	inokori	"	"	"	iviye imedu
	inokorodo	"	"	"	iviye aredu
	ikiwainoqo	"	"	"	ivaqedu
	ikiwainoqorodo	"	"	"	iraqo

iramage, ira imanamage, ira itore, imana itore (all in plural) are substituted for any or all dead relatives as a group.

We see again, as was the case in the preceding paragraph, that husband and father and wife and mother are classified together. The terms ivuri and imana remain unchanged when used in songs or crying, while there is confusion on how itonaregedu should be called. Some informants (women) say that they should be called in the same way younger siblings are (inokori or inokorodo), but others (also women) maintain that they should be called as older siblings are (ivuri, imana, imana aredu). Both of these assertions are denied by male informants who maintain that one's children should be classified under the general terms used for any dead person (iramage, ira imanamage, ira itore, imana itore.)

*601 To a man who is making love to a woman in mourning his
522 companions will say: "Stay away from her, she is our "little
765 mother," our "poor-little mother." After the hunt, it is a
224 duty of the "ceremonial father" to carry the game to his wife ("the mother") who has to cook it for the "meal of the spirits." If, for some reason, the "father" did not join the hunt, this will provoke many jokes and comments from the other hunters. They will say, "Our father did not come, but we have here another 'our father' who will carry the meat," alluding to the sexual relations between this other man and "the mother." If the woman had many affairs in the past, which is quite usual among the Bororo, each man in his turn will deny being the most qualified "father" pointing to somebody else as the one who should carry the meat.

Conclusion

*601 When one arrives in the field he is immediately con-
114 fronted both with a complicated set of relations and with different systems crosscutting each other. At this point all ideas about an ordered conceptual universe appear to be nonsense. It seemed to me that the Bororo were also confused, but ignored the contradictions and pretended that things were clear and simple. I tried to construct full genealogies but
551 did not succeed. For one the Bororo avoid uttering the names of dead people, and if persuaded to produce them, another difficulty arises. Everyone at birth receives several names and during his life he acquires many new ones. A good hunter about forty-five years old had fifty different names. Some

/158 cont./

764 As Tiago Aipobureu told me, there exists even today
[462] the custom that the women prepare the food for the
[252] funeral feasts, which is taken by the lads to the men's house, completely closed, and consumed there by those present. According to the tribal tradition, the dead one also participates in this banquet. But the sincere Tiago Aipobureu added: "The women know, however, what really happens there, although they pretend not to know. There are always men who tell them everything."

796 Both sexes of the Bororo take part in the majority of
562 the songs and dances; it is true, however, that on these occasions the female sex always has a secondary role.
273 According to Karl von den Steinen (o.c., p. 491), men and women get drunk without distinction, with the wine obtained from the acuri palm.

562 /159/ The position of the sexes is also evident on the
765 occasion of death. As among almost all the tribes of eastern
171 South America, among the Bororo too the closer relatives
602 of the dead man of woman, especially the widower or widow,
302 cut the hair.

765 The following passages of the account by Karl von den
[309] Steinen are characteristic of the behavior of a widower (o.c., p. 505): "Coqueiro in his hut, made cuts on his arms and legs, which became covered with scabs of coagulated blood; and in the afternoon there took place the solemn destruction of the goods of the dead woman, said better, the goods of her family, which had lived in the same hut as she. -- After this (o.c., p. 508): "Coqueiro arrived with a child by the hand. He sat down silently at the side,
[301] he sobbed and wept. He did not have any adornment besides the black rope around his body, which he had spun and interwoven out of his wife's hair. His cheeks were wet with tears; he pressed his eyes as if the weeping were painful." -- And finally (o.c., p. 510): "Coqueiro
[431] remained with nothing. The friends made bow and arrows, presenting them to him."

/159 cont./

765 Although we can affirm that by this behavior is manifested the fear of the enigmatic phenomenon of death, it seems that the widower Coqueiro showed the true sorrow of a loving husband and with this proved how much he esteemed his wife.

775 593 When I spoke of the sexual life, I already mentioned that, according to the belief of the Bororo, the couples are reunited again after death. It is necessary to add that then they only /160/ get together after having become araras or other animals, corresponding to the belief in the transmigration of souls among these Indians. If a man had two wives, he is reunited with both after death. If he was married several times, he is reunited after death with the wife or wives of his last union. The widow who marries again is reunited after death with the last husband. Apparently, the reunion after death takes place, consequently, always according to the desire of the surviving spouse. The child is reunited with the parents, telling them all that happened since their death.

589 About the life of the widow, Colbacchini (o.c., p. 58) writes: "The widows are truly free and enjoy the same position as before. Widowhood does not impose honors or duties. They may marry again; on the part of the women there is no aversion to marrying widowers either. Once the husband is dead, the widow remains in the company of her relatives."

756 462 184 797 533 776 The Bororo of the missions assured me that among them there never existed female bari (doctors-sorceresses), but old-women healers. They told me that the one who knew how to sing best, with a louder and longer-lasting voice, and who also had other aptitudes was elected as bari. But the inhabitants of the aldeia Tori-paru told me that the bari was not elected, but that the demon bope enters any one

6:Konfk C-S (ca. 1954) 1963
SPS Bororo SPS

Mr. Kozak, of Brazil's University of Paraná, has visited many of the Brazilian Indian tribes. This report was prepared in collaboration with Dr. Robert L. Carneiro, Assistant Curator of South American Ethnology at The American Museum, and Dr. Gertrude E. Dole, a Lecturer in Anthropology, New York University.

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All the villagers gather

round the corpse and sing funeral songs throughout the night to the accompaniment of the monotonous and rhythmical sound of gourd rattles.

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The next morning, while a few young men are busy digging a temporary grave near the men's house, the kin of the deceased gash themselves as before, leaning over the covered corpse so that the blood will flow onto it. Laceration of the arms, head, breasts, and legs is repeated many times during the subsequent weeks of funerary rituals. As another gesture of mourning, the nearest kin tear out some of their hair, while more remote relatives cut their hair short. Thenceforth, the mourners' hair is left uncut until the mourning period of a year or longer is over.

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When the temporary grave has been dug in the plaza, the body is interred so that it lies less than a foot below the surface of the ground. At frequent intervals, quantities of water are poured on it to hasten decomposition.

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To sustain themselves during the ensuing weeks of exhausting rituals, the Bororo lay in large stores of food. During the early stages of the funerary ceremony the men catch great quantities of fish. A lake near the village supplies them with *jaú*, a huge member of the catfish family, which sometimes attains a weight of 150 pounds and which the Bororo shoot with bows and arrows.

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Smaller fish are taken in rivers by drugging them with timbo, a vegetable poison obtained by crushing certain vines. Timbo stupefies or kills fish, but does not affect the quality of the flesh for human consumption. (The active ingredient in timbo is rotenone, now widely used in this country as an insecticide.) For this operation the men build a weir across a stream. The fish try to escape the poisoned water through a chute in the weir. As they pass through, they are caught in large nets, then dried and smoked over a low fire, furnishing several days' food for the entire community.

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[p. 41-A]

None of the fish may be eaten, however, until ritually treated by the shaman, or medicine man. First, he induces a seizure of trembling, during which he is thought to be possessed by *Bope*, a powerful—and sometimes evil—spirit often invoked by the Bororo to help them locate game and fish. Shaking with the power of his spirit helper, the shaman bites into each piece of fish, thus driving out evil spirits and symbolically consecrating the fish to *Bope* in return for his help in catching it. When this act is completed, the shaman passes the fish to his wife, who also bites it. Only then can other members of the society partake of it.

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THE Bororo believe that deaths are also caused by *Bope*. He is identified, in their minds, with the jaguar, and when a death occurs, the Bororo take revenge for their loss by killing a jaguar. This, too, is surrounded with ritual. A few days after a death, the shaman determines where a jaguar can be found by consulting the corpse in its grave. After the corpse has communicated the location of a jaguar, the shaman tells the relatives of the deceased, who then request an outstanding hunter of the opposite moiety to undertake the task of finding and killing the jaguar. To help him in the venture, the bereaved family gives the hunter two presents. The first is a gourd whistle, the sound of which represents the voice of the dead man's soul. The second is a braided cord,

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[p. 42-B]

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made from the mourners' hair, which the hunter wraps around his left wrist to prevent it from being injured by the snap of the bowstring.

EVEN though the shaman has "learned" the location of a jaguar from the spirit of the deceased, several days may pass before the hunter succeeds in finding one. The ensuing struggle between hunter and hunted is a feat of great daring and skill. As soon as a jaguar comes within shooting range, the hunter releases an arrow. He then immediately lifts his bow into a horizontal position and extends it toward the jaguar, pointing the far tip directly at the beast to parry its attack (a single arrow is seldom lethal). This maneuver must be accomplished with great speed before the jaguar pounces. Enraged by pain, the jaguar leaps at the end of the bow, clawing and biting it. Eye to eye the two struggle, the hunter warding off the beast with his bow held rigidly in both hands. When the jaguar recoils to pounce, the hunter quickly looses a second arrow and again raises the bow to protect himself. When the jaguar finally falls to the ground, weakened by the wounds, a last arrow is shot to end the struggle. If the hunter does not deliver this coup de grâce, he may lose the contest, for the jaguar may still have enough strength to attack when the hunter least expects it.

With the help of a companion, the hunter carries the dead jaguar

[p. 42-C]

[text continues on p. 44-B]

6:Kozak C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
SP8 Bacoro SP8

BLACK DESIGNS are painted on inside of jaguar skin, *above*, which is worn by shaman, *below*, in ritual dance to appease spirit of the ceremonial kill.

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[See p. 43-C]
[p. 43-B]

6: Kosdk C-5 (ca. 1954) 1961 SP8 Bororo SP8

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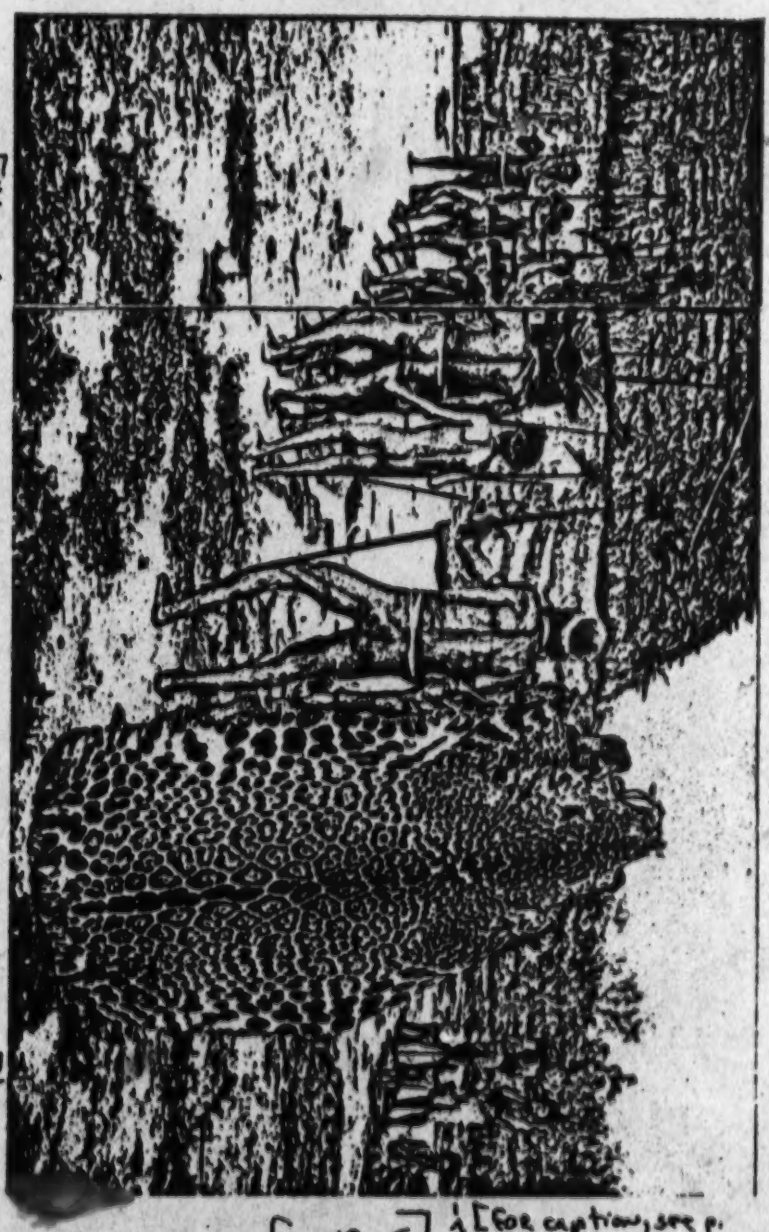

[Ritual dance to appease spirit of the ceremonial skull.-Ardyth]

[p. 43-C] [For caption, see p. 43-B]

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MEDICINE MAN, at the left, holds rattle as he leads strenuous dance. Men and women jump, then kneel, to raise and lower palm fronds held between them.

[p. 44-A]

6;Kozak C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
SP8 Bororo SP8

back to the village. Its claws and teeth are pried loose and made into ornaments to be kept as mementos by the close kin of the deceased. The hunter is rewarded with a necklace made of shells and nuts, an elaborately decorated bow, and arrows. The animal is skinned and the inner surface of the pelt is decorated with black paint specially prepared by the shaman. This is presented to the relatives of the deceased in a series of rituals that involve singing and dancing.

The night of the kill, one of the village leaders conducts a dance to the accompaniment of songs addressed to the spirit of the jaguar. With the jaguar hide on his shoulders, a chief or a shaman leads the ritual intended to appease the dead jaguar, while the people of the village dance. Men, women, and children all perform this very important ritual, which continues far into the night. At first many people

[text continues on p. 45-A]

[p. 44-B]

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EXHAUSTED DANCERS squat on temporary grave as a friend, daubed with clay to represent a symbolical head, sprinkles them with water. This action cools the dancers and hastens disintegration of body. Feathered pole is a grave marker.

[p. 44-C]

join in the dance, which consists of simple, rhythmical steps or hops. As the dancers become tired, they drop out of line one by one, and eventually the shaman may be left dancing alone.

IN preparation for the actual burial festivities, the Bororo ornament themselves elaborately and with meticulous care. They paint their faces and bodies with a variety of fantastic designs in different colors, and may plaster their hair with the red urucú paint. Some wear skirts, capes, and head wreaths made from palm leaves. Hair that was torn out in mourning is spun into cords that are braided and wound around the head in the fashion of a turban. Other striking decorations are chest ornaments made from the claws of the giant armadillo; bird beaks worn as pendants; necklaces of jaguar teeth; chaplets made of a beautiful local flower that resembles our morning glory; and enormous "sunburst crown" feather headdresses, which sometimes incorporate the tail feathers of as many as thirty macaws. These spectacular headdresses are highly prized by the Bororo, because macaws are now scarce in their forests. They will part with one to an outsider only in exchange for a gun.

One of the highlights of the Bororo funeral ceremony is the impersonation of mythical beasts by men dressed in various costumes and performing imitative dances. Two such creatures inspect the corpse about two weeks after its interment in the plaza. Disguised with leaves of the buriti palm, they circle the grave several times. Finally they stop and open it to check the state of the body's decomposition. Their decision is known in advance: the flesh has not yet decayed enough to be removed from the bones. The grave is closed, and the festivities continue.

ANOTHER mythical creature is represented by a man whose body is painted white with clay, and who wears feathers in his nose. This beast impersonator runs again and again around the spot where the corpse is buried, trying to call the dead person's soul out of the grave. During this performance, other men in the group shake split bamboo poles, producing a sharp clapping sound.

Still another beast impersonator emerges from behind the huts, and rushing across the plaza toward the grave, beats it with a long stick in a

[p. 45-A] [text continues on p. 45-C]

6:Kozfk C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
SP8 Bororo SP8

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PALM SAP, which has been allowed to ferment slightly, refreshes a dancer who has temporarily dropped out of the ceremony. His headdress is palm frond.

[p. 45-B]

6:Kozák C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
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renewed effort to call forth the spirit of the dead Bororo.

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The ritual dances of the Bororo depict in lively and vigorous fashion many aspects of their relations with the spirit world. All the dances take place in the village plaza, and most of them continue for hours at a time, requiring tremendous physical endurance. As one by one the dancers become exhausted, they drop out of line. Weary and covered with perspiration, each one squats unceremoniously on the shallow grave, while someone pours a pot of water over him. These shower baths have a twofold purpose: they refresh the dancers and also moisten the ground, thus hastening decomposition of the body.

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Before the dancers return to strenuous activity, they may sip palm "wine." This weakly fermented beverage is prepared from sap of the *acuri* palm, a tree that grows in profusion near the village. To collect the sap, a man climbs to the top of the tree and cuts off the uppermost fronds. Next, his wife ascends and, with a shell, scrapes the pith from the heart of the

[p. 45-c]

6:Kozfk C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
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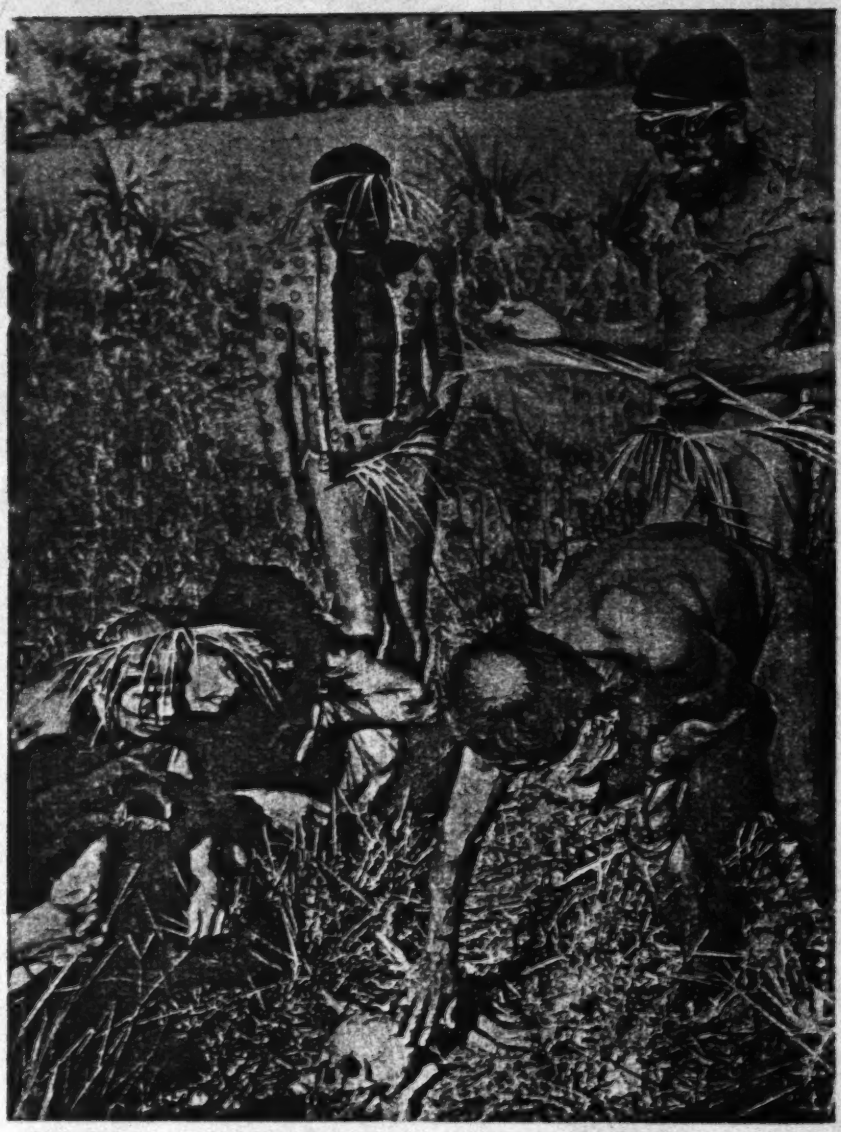

ONLY MEN take part in washing bones in swamp near village. Shaman touches skull in a kind of benediction before all bones are taken back to the plaza.

[p. 46-A]

6:Kozák C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
SP8 Bororo SP8

by a teammate, who, as he in turn tires, is relieved by a fresh teammate, and so on. The race is so exhausting that no rituals are held the next day. 526 [764]

When the rituals are again resumed, they continue with undiminished variety and vitality until the repertory of dances is completed. Then, early one morning, about a month after the initial burial, the skeleton of the deceased, now nearly free of flesh, is disinterred. A few men take the bones to a nearby swamp, wash them without ceremony, and carefully remove all the remaining flesh. 765 [535]

After being washed, the skull is set by a small fire to dry. When thoroughly dry, it is put into a basket with the other bones and carried back to the village, escorted by a procession to the accompaniment of cane flutes and gourd trumpets. [534]

As the procession approaches the village, it is met by the nearest female [602]

[p. 46-B]

6:Kozák C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
SP8 Bororo SP8

relative of the deceased, who shoulders the basket and carries it to the men's house. As she sits outside the house, holding the basket in her lap, the other female kin of the deceased once more gash their arms and breasts, and allow their blood to run onto the basket. The men once again shake their gourd rattles and sing the songs and lamentations they intoned at the time of death.

765 [602] [3014] [152] [533]

MEANWHILE, several men begin to decorate the skull, which is placed on a newly woven mat resting on the jaguar skin. After smearing it with resin, they press red, blue, yellow, and white feathers on the surface in a traditional pattern. Women may witness the decoration of the skull; in fact, while it is being adorned, they spill the blood from their fresh mourning wounds on it.

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The other bones are decorated with urucú and bands of feathers, and

[p. 46-C]
[text continues on p. 48-A]

6: Kodak C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963 SP8 Bororo SP8

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[p.47-A]

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6:Kozdk C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
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DURING DECORATING, women gash their skin and allow blood to drip on skull.

Notice cuts on arm of woman at right, whose hair is cropped as mourning sign.

[p.47-B]

6:Kozák C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
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MULTICOLORED feathers, held on with resin, completely cover skull, which is surmounted by feather crown. Still on its mat, skull is put on jaguar skin.

[p. 47-C]

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placed in the special basket that is to be their final repository. Then the skull, still resting on its little mat, is placed in the basket on top of the other bones. The edges of the basket are sewed together with a wooden needle and fiber cord, and until its final burial a few days later, it is hung in the house of the deceased's relatives.

[283]

[p. 48-A]

6:Kozak C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
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ON the day after the bones have been decorated, some of the men go into the forest to carve and decorate a number of bull-roarers. These are flat, fish-shaped pieces of wood, 3 to 4 feet long and 5 to 8 inches wide, which are whirled in the air by means of a long cord. As the piece of wood rotates it causes the cord to twist, and

[p. 48-B]

the combined action produces a strange, moaning whir. The rest of that day and all of the following night the bull-roarers are whirled, and their noise is believed to represent the voice of the evil spirit *Bope*. (No woman may see the bull-roarers, for the sight, it is believed, would kill her.) The bones are carried to their final resting

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[776]

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[p. 48-C]

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place to the accompaniment of the bull-roarers' whir. [523]

At the swamp, where the final interment of the bones takes place, a deep pit is dug, and the basket is lowered into it. There is no further ritual. Only a long bamboo pole decorated with feathers is left to mark the last resting [461] place of the bones, on the proper dis-

[p. 49-A]

6:Kozák C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
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position of which the Bororo have lavished approximately a month of their time and so much of their energy. [461]

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In January, 1958, Marshal Candido M. Rondon, who was a great friend and protector of the Indians of Brazil, and the first director of the Brazilian Indian Service, died. During Rondon's

[p. 49-B]

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[p. 49-D]

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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skin deep, but now and then they accidentally cut deep and bleed profusely. The reader will have observed that the males do not cut themselves, nor pluck out their hair. They are careful not to injure themselves. It is only the nearest female relative of the deceased that has her hair jerked out.

Witnessing these hideous, uncanny and revolting scenes of savagery, in the sickening atmosphere and dismal gloom of the great hut, and listening to the pandemoniacal uproar or medley of infernal noises, one could well imagine that he had somehow been cast into the dungeons of the damned, and was hearing their shrieks, and wails, and moans of unspeakable anguish and despair. While this hideous drama, that only savage tragedians are capable of interpreting, was being enacted, and pandemonium was singing and playing its hellish hymns, and saying its mass, in this cavernous place; outside, a tropical sun was silently inundating the earth with its glorious effulgence, and all Nature, arrayed more beautifully than Solomon in all his glory, sang for joy.

The first part of this horrid nightmare within the great hut with the body present, continues night and day without intermission, until the first sunset after death; then, as the king of light sinks slowly and majestically behind the western wilderness, and the shadows of night begin to gather, symbolical of the closing forever of life's bright, happy day, and the ushering in of the black, sad, hopeless night of the invisible world, the savage choir, chorus and orchestra become hushed; and the enwrapped remains are borne solemnly to the public playground just outside the great hut, placed on top of the ground and covered by a little mound of earth. Here the body lies for a week or more in order that the flesh may decay and separate from the bones. Each evening during this time, at the *meri dacódu*—the setting of the sun—as the prince of day resigns the earth to the rule of night, the sorrowing family and sympathizing friends, gather around the sacred mound, and with their faces turned toward the dying light, murmur a low, mournful chant, pleading the virtues of the lost one, and perhaps also recommending him to the good offices of the "supreme power"

[765] —the sun—or to the protection of the great *bopi* who are be-
[533] lieved to dwell in the sun, the shade of their dear one, who,
[775] being "wicked" and "bad," is doomed to wander forever in the regions of darkness and despair, and to plot evil against men in the flesh. During the week, too, water is occasionally thrown upon the mound to hasten the decay of the corpse. I was told that the savages also churn the mound, but did not see them do this. During the week, also, the family of the deceased crouch frequently in their gloomy abode, and mutter, moan and wail.

A week having elapsed since burial, the time came to disinter the putrefying remains and prepare for the second part of the obsequies with the bones present. The day preceding this event was again a gala day in the city of savagery. During the entire forenoon, a kind of *bakororó* was held in the great hut, but no female of the tribe assisted at these doings.
[533] During nearly the entire day, too, the forest in the vicinity of the village reverberated with insane sounds and infernal noises, for groups of savages perambulated the wilds, back and forth, swinging the roarer—which will be described later—which emitted a variety of unearthly shrieks and sepulchral moans. It seemed as if the demons of the pit were out for a holiday
[534] and holding a picnic in the woods. Within the great hut, during the afternoon, peculiar whistles, beautifully adorned with feathers, were sounded at intervals to call the *bopi*, while one
[775] of the savages was chosen to represent the soul of the de-
[292] parted. He was rigged up in a skirt made of long, slender palm-leaves hung to a belt, and a cloak and a veil of the same material, and made in the same way, while his head was adorned with a large fan made of the long, brilliant tail-feathers of the macaw. He was accompanied by two adjutants with big, gourd-shell rattles in their hands, who stood, one behind, the other in front of him. First, the trio danced up
[535] and down within the great hut, sidewise, crab-like, with legs rigid. It seems to be a sort of ecstatic or devil-dance, and is continued until the participants appear to have cramps in their legs. During this performance, armed sentries guard the

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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entrances to the savage hall. Meanwhile, stepping outside the great hut, I saw, crouching close to the wall of the hut, the mother of the recently deceased, weeping, wailing and jibbering in a low, squeaky voice which was almost gone, her body emaciated, covered with gashes and besmeared with blood. She was a most pitiable appearing creature. How cruel are the customs of savagery!

The soul representative and his adjutants next danced and jerked themselves outside the great hut into the open air, then to the public playground on the edge of the village. Here, the trio, totally exhausted, sat on the ground, while an assistant proceeded to call the *bopi* in the persons of a few of his fellow savages who were to represent them, or act as the materialization of the demons. Standing in the center of the *ring*, he beckons and calls, offering perhaps a bit of tobacco to induce a few men to volunteer, while the remaining males of the village—for only the males participate in this part of the funeral rites—stand scattered about in the coarse grass and among the scraggy trees beyond the *ring*. At length, a savage offers to represent the *bopi* by dropping on all fours and beginning to creep very slowly toward the caller, or ringmaster, uttering constantly abdominal squeaks, in imitation, perhaps, of the note of the tapir, or of the wild pig. Approaching the center of the ring, he springs up suddenly on his *hind feet*, and with upraised arms rushes to the caller, where he takes his stand upon a spot prepared for him. Another and another volunteers in the same way until five *bopi* representatives are in line in the center of the ring. Balls of clay mud are now produced and the five *bopi* impersonators are painted drab from head to foot, black rings are marked around their eyes, the black figure of a serpent is sketched coiled around the body of one or two, and a quantity of mud is massed into their hair.

The caller now places himself in the path leading to the village, and beckons and calls as before, and the *bopi* representatives again drop on all fours and begin to creep very slowly toward him, emitting continuously their weird notes.

765 775 At the same time, the remainder of the savage band break forth instantly into a wild uproar, yelling and screaming, throwing up their hands, dancing and jumping in their mad, though mock efforts to drive the *bopi* into the village, suggesting a squad of men and boys trying to drive a herd of obstinate hogs. Suddenly, a horrible shriek rends the air just in advance of the materialized *bopi*. This appears to frighten them, for they turn and begin to creep away from the village. The drivers now become still more frantic, yelling and shrieking, bellowing, chattering and jumping fiercely. Soon, however, the *bopi* are again headed toward the village; and entering the path, all spring up suddenly on their *hind feet*, mount their horses—fellow savages—gallop into the village, dismount, and crouch around the mound where the body lies buried, and claw the earth slightly, as if about to unearth the remains. They now quietly retire, their part in the savage rites having ended for the day.

[789] The soul representative, who had re-entered the village in advance of the *bopi* representatives, now seated himself astride of the grave, and the father of the deceased having crouched beside him, he performed over him some enchantments to route any evil spirit that might be threatening him, or to make him invulnerable to their assaults. This he did making passes over the bereaved man's head, and muttering and blowing in his mouth, nose and ears. Following this, the soul representative deposited all his rigging on the mound save the *pariko*, or fan of brilliant feathers that adorned his head.

765 768 We now witnessed the ceremony of the transference of the personal effects of the deceased from this world to the spirit world, for the Bororó, in their peculiar way, believe firmly in "laying up treasures in heaven." A fire was kindled, around which the soul representative, accompanied by an adjutant, danced sidewise, stiff-legged, while each article that had belonged to the deceased was passed by the father to the adjutant, who, in turn, handed them to the soul representative, who cast them one by one into the fire until all were consumed. They were only a few dirty toys, some rude ornaments made

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of feathers, or of the teeth and claws of beasts, and one or two articles of wearing apparel made of bark. To us, they were merely a heap of rubbish, but to the poor natives, precious treasures. Having vanished in flame, the effects were considered transferred to the invisible world, and so *transubstantiated* that they could be of service to the newly arrived shade, or *bopi*.

One reason that the Bororó give for burning the belongings of the deceased is, that if they were allowed to remain in the hut, the family, constantly reminded by them of their lost ones, would be weeping, wailing and uttering lamentations continually, for it is their custom to cry and jibber loudly whenever anything revives the memory of their dead. Another reason for burning the effects is, that if they should not be burned, and hence not transferred to the shadow land, the soul would return to haunt and injure the family.

It was now about sunset, and the ceremonies of the day being concluded, all the men seated themselves cross-legged upon mats in two groups just outside the great hut, and a primitive banquet, or collation, was served. The banquet always forms an important part of every social function among savages.—Indeed, a social function among them is inconceivable without it. But do not banquets, suppers and buffet lunches constitute an important part, if not the most important part, of social events among civilized men? Yet civilized men do not usually have a banquet at a funeral, with the decomposing corpse lying but a few yards in front of them.

The chief items on the menu at this savage banquet were big clay potfuls of a kind of broth made of a starchy liquid wrung from the spongy stems of a dwarf palm and mixed with a sauce made from the yellow, insipid fruit of the burity-palm, called *pyky* (peekee), *pyky* eaten raw, three kinds of wild potatoes, boiled or baked in the ashes, and a sort of cocoanut bread made by pulverizing in a mortar the meats of palmnuts and baking the mass in the ashes. There were no condiments. As each pot or tray of food appeared, a cheer was given by the group for whom it was intended.

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765 That same night, at the midnight hour, while the village slept, the decomposing remains were lifted, supposedly by the *bopi*, or by men acting secretly under their orders, for no one is supposed to know the ghouls. They may be appointed by the sorcerer, or by the captains; or are volunteers as heretofore indicated. These men lift the fetid mass by means of the pole that passes inside the roll and protrudes from each end of the mound, carry it to the river and clear the bones of the flesh as best they can; then packing the bones in a basket, deposit them in the great hut, where they are found when the village awakes at dawn, ready for the final ceremonies. At the funeral rites I witnessed, the skull had been kept separate from [237] the rest of the bones, and resting on a palm-leaf tray, partly buried in white down, was being overlaid with bright feathers, plucked from the breast of the macaw, while the *bakororó* was being sung. As the deceased was the little daughter of one of the chief men, the remains were treated with special honors.

At the *méri rütu*—the birth of the sun—the following morning, the demoniacal din and tumult of the savage choir, chorus [533] and orchestra, as of a hundred wild beasts in deadly combat, [785] was again unchained in the gloomy interior of the great hut; [202] and the female relatives and friends of the departed burst forth anew with loud lamentations, and wept, wailed and muttered, and vociferated like the laughter of hyenas, and slashed their bodies afresh with jagged edged shells until they were daubed with gore, and again smeared themselves with the black slush. These fearsome and sickening scenes, and smells, and sounds, especially when witnessed at night in the sepulchral darkness that reigned within the great hut, could not fail to powerfully affect one who had never before listened to a hallelujah chorus in hell, and to make impressions upon the mind that can never be effaced.

The second part of the funeral *bakororó*, or ceremony, with [224] the bones present, may continue without a recess for two or three days and nights, with the exception, perhaps, of one intermission of eight or ten hours for a fishing expedition, the primitive tragedians relieving one another from time to time.

Brazil.

When the immediate family of the deceased have howled, wailed and chanted until they can scarcely articulate, they drink clay water, asserting that this relieves the throat somewhat. 765 [271]

Finally, I saw the basket of bones taken by the mother of the deceased, and buried in the little cemetery two or three miles from the village, where, it was believed, the *bopi* would take possession of them in a few weeks. The sorcerer is believed to know when the *bopi* removes the bones. [715]

A day or two after the conclusion of the funeral rites I witnessed, the father of the deceased, sent by the village authorities, disinterred the basket of bones and brought it back to the great hut. Three of the chief men from a distant village had arrived on a visit, whom it was necessary to receive with honors and entertain with the best festival the village could get up. And what could equal for entertainment a good funeral *bakororó*? But how could they have a funeral *bakororó* without a corpse, or at least the bones? As soon as the basket of bones was again brought into the great hut, pandemonium was once more in session, and the rattling, roaring, groaning, squatting, snorting, barking, weeping and wailing continued all the rest of the day and all night. At daybreak, the following morning, an intermission was taken in order that the players and actors in this savage drama might go fishing. They fished and hunted all day that they might have something to feast upon, for, of course, a *bakororó* without a banquet would scarcely be a *bakororó*. But when the darkness of night again enshrouded the land, the hideous uproar of the savage horde again burst upon our ears and did violence to the peace and tranquillity of the night until the dawn, when it was once more hushed, and the basket of bones was again entombed. [574]

Some of the Indians of the Rio Negro, hereinbefore mentioned, a score or two of families of whom live in one immense hut,—a primitive "flat,"—always bury their dead inside this hut under a few inches of earth, depositing the tobacco, ornaments and trinkets of the deceased in the grave with him. Some days after burial, a large quantity of fermented liquor is 000

/457 cont./

648 his hut and returns with two "espadas"! He waves the sabers around
273 in the air, enraged, and totters from side to side, but contents himself with threats. He takes off first his shirt, then his trousers, /458/ and throws them at poor Eliseo's feet; he turns to the soldiers who are standing idly by and pours out all the insults he knows against the superiors, who are likewise standing idly about. He wants to go away and to go with us because here they refuse him alcohol. Finally he trudges home.

000 30 March, Good Friday. The guard holds his gun pointed downward. The guns of the rest of the soldiers remain on the ground. The soldiers' wives in their freshly ironed Sunday clothing wander to the graveyard with crosses and candles. The prison is opened; two prisoners come out, one of them a tall Negro, his surrão -- the leather bag that takes the place of a knapsack -- on his back and in his hand the coxó, the fiddle of the sertanejo, on which he is happily strumming.

224 The hunters returned heavily laden and brought a quantity of
765 game in their carrying baskets; Coqueiro, the new widower, is still in the military colony. The body of his wife is dug out. The bones were cleaned and brought in a basket to the men's house in the evening; a new basket-bag, into which they are to be transferred at the actual burial service, lies beside them and a pot
[276] with water stands there. The room is dark; only a few embers glow to one side, at which those who smoke light their cigars, Many men, women, children are lying comfortably stretched out on
[533] the floor. A tight semicircle of squatting figures, however, the bari in the middle, surrounds the baskets and the pot; they are singing a monotonous, but loudly resounding song of lament.
[956] The Bari is incessantly swinging the gourd rattle filled with clink-
[534] ing shell fragments, his deep, quivering voice rises above all the others with strong pathos, and he does not stop singing and swinging until his voice and hand fail him; then he falls silent and lets the rattle come to a trembling stop, there is a brief pause during which, in his transport, he hastily puts a cigar to his mouth, and, drawing at it forcibly, he swallows the smoke. Again he sings and rattles and smokes in between, until after a brief hour the

/458 cont./

765 obligation has been fulfilled; everybody leaves the ranchão and wanders about outside, talking, laughing, as on most evenings.
512 In the huts one can still hear maize being pounded, here and there a little fire flares up, illuminating a picturesque group, there is singing, noisemaking, the boys romp, couples appear and disappear -- in short, country fair in front of the village, but with extraordinarily many booths in which wild rabbits eat and worship the stars.

000 On the day after Good Friday in Brazil comes the so-called Hallelujah Saturday. At twelve noon the general mourning ceases and changes to gay abandon, there is shooting and popping everywhere, Judas, the traitor, who hangs on a tree, is treated roughly and destroyed.

In the colony the beginning of the Hallelujah is announced for eight o'clock in the morning because a cow and a pig must be slaughtered. The river rose, fish were not caught for Good Friday because of the full stream, /459/ and the meat transport has come to an end. The good Eliseo excuses himself to us in all seriousness when under these circumstances he must announce the end of the Passion earlier; we reassure him by pointing out the difference in time with Jerusalem.

Judas has been hung on a young tree one and a half meters above the ground; white fatigue uniform, fine tight boots, paper face, the cheeks painted with urucú red, mustache and hair made of the hair of Indian women, stuffed with sawdust. "Kabababá?" "What is that?" ask the astonished Bororó. Judas is holding a wooden sword in his right sleeve, out of one pocket appears the neck of a beer bottle, a piece of paper stuck in the coat is the testament of the betrayer. At eight o'clock, however, the soldiers line up spick and span in white linen suits; European eyes would be somewhat surprised by the naked feet. Eliseo is wearing a red sash. The cook sticks a powder cartridge into the body of Judas -- a bang, smoke seeps out and Judas slowly begins to burn. The trumpeter blows a fanfare during which three salvos explode, and in the pauses a penetrating howl of lament from a hut is coupled with the musical accompaniment. The

/459 cont./

000 Indians, who are standing about in tight bunches, hold their ears and remember the time when shots went off in their forest. Moguyokuri and his son, who even exceeds him in body height, come forward in order to send a few arrows as well into the crumbling remains of Judas Iscariot. Cautiously they first put it out so that the arrows will not burn up. The soldiers are dismissed; powder is now exploded everywhere, and even our comrades cannot resist the temptation; from the cook-yard where the pig is being slaughtered there is murderous screaming, joy predominates everywhere: Hallelujah!

● 765 Kayapó! The burial ceremony for Coqueiro's widow /sic/, which I shall describe in detail, fell on Easter Monday (1 April); we guests never stopped marveling at the strange contrasts which were set before our eyes every day in the restless life of the colony. Scarcely had the lamentation died away and the burial
721 basket been removed, when there was new excitement. The Bororó maintained they had seen two Kayapó, whom they called Kayámo, in the forest. Their mortal enemy in close proximity
722 to the colony! Leave the colony that very evening -- it seemed almost unbelievable -- was the general solution of the Indians. The soldiers had to be called up; a patrol was sent out and was to discharge a dozen shots in the suspected corner in the forest. Thus they calmed themselves temporarily, but as a precaution the great chief Moguyokuri, the terror of the Mato Grosso, did not sleep with his two wives and his children that night, but at Eliseo's.

726 During the night of 2 to 3 April, too, everyone was awake. Our Indian friends took us to the ranchão and invited us to take part in a meeting, the purpose of which was to fortify themselves with music in the hope of victory over the evil Kayapó. At first
[535] we all stood and danced /460/ on one spot, while an old chief in the center sang and ponderously shook the rattle-gourd. The rest of us held our hands in front of our mouths and bellowed a hollow u, u... into them and flexed our knees in rhythm. Since we noticed how greatly this comforted the Bororó, we did not hold back in our enthusiastic participation. Our band was working in the dark; only occasionally did someone throw a little straw into

/475 cont./

304 Tattooing was unknown; scars of cuts, casually colored, were not unusual. We did not see instruments analogous to the scarifier of the Kulisehu Indians. The skin was not torn for medical purposes, but simply scratched, as everybody does, if it /476/ itched, and there was even a special implement for scratching the back, 21 centimeters long, a bone which was adorned with ostrich feathers, cf. Fig. 132 /see p. 591/, and was also used to advantage by the freely perspiring festival dancers. Scars of cuts were the result of the death ceremonies.

301 Painting and feather ornamentation played a role, the former an insignificant one, the latter a tremendously important one. 512 Waehneldt, not without justification, speaks of the "almost daily festivals" of the Bororó. The remark was also perfectly applicable [224] to our Indians, and, to be sure, simply because even every hunt was begun with dance and song. Then the girl dragged into the 302 men's house was most carefully painted by her friends. Finally, gluing feathers on oneself was a "medicine" practiced day after day. Intermittent fever often occurred in the colony, children were always doéte /sick/ (Portuguese doente), and thus it was simply [164] impossible for us to see where the boundary lay between medicine and ornamentation. The painful parts of the body were smeared with heated almeisca resin and had down feathers thickly pasted over them. We saw children who had complete sleeves of small white duck-feathers. The color resin was black. In order to paste feathers on the face, a finger-wide adhesive strip was put on along the hair line and the ends bound beside the ears, sometimes with a cross-strip running between nose and lips so that, if the strip were wide and nothing was glued on it, one seemed to see a half-mask cut out to make a frame. The gum-frame originally designed for feathers was also used without glued-on feathers.

Plate 27 /see p. 588/ shows us a Bororó festively pasted with feathers. The arms are entirely covered with small green parrot-feathers, as is the adjoining part of the chest; above the navel there is a small strip of feathers, and on the back, I may add, a part of the shoulders and an area the width of a hand in the small of the back were pasted over. The black gum-frame on the face

/476 cont./

759 237 301 [302] has already lost some of its initial beauty and feathering; a cross-strip glued with pure white feathers extends from ear to ear, like a huge moustache. The hair is smeared with urucú, and the front edge has red arara feathers thickly glued to it; red-smeared tufts stand out on both sides. The upper part of the head, around the tonsure, is adorned with a small red crown of arara feathers, and scattered around it, a handful of small feathers is only loosely pasted on. In the case of women who were ill we not infrequently saw small areas with feathers pasted on them; Maria appeared one day, complaining of fever, and was being more energetically treated with this remedy, for she had it applied to hair, face, [302] and chest. The wife of a hunter who was returning after a long absence had had her face and hair painted like the ranchão girls for the welcome, and the skin of her upper body transformed ●765 into a feather jacket open at the front. The skull of the skeletonized deceased has feathers pasted on it, similar to the ornamentation of the Bororó on Plate 27, before the final burial, whereas the rest of the /477/ bones are smeared with urucú oil. I am unable to say whether in this adornment the desperate unlikely hope of a favorable medical result was a contributing factor.

302 531 237 The daily daubing with oily soot and urucú, as on the Schingú /Xingu/, did not occur. Also, the dyestuffs are not used for any implement other than the whizzer sticks; instead of them, one saw feathers on bodies as well as on implements everywhere on 136 the S. Lourenço. Also missing, however, was the plague of mosquitoes and biting flies; the only insects we saw or heard in the colony were the countless crickets rustling in the maize

302 [237] [886] supply. The urucú, of which there was only very little, was mixed with fish oil. They used it only in the most sparing amounts, just as the painting with black on the gum-frame and the blackening of the face and body with soot when one set out against the Kayapó were limited. The ranchão girl was painted with urucú for the night; she sat on a red coverlet, and beside her lay a shell with fish oil and a piece of urucú paste. The hair was thickly smeared, the upper body was also given a daubing, but the chief thing, on which a great deal of time was spent,

/478 cont./

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301 Teeth were primarily worked into chest ornaments; the most popular ones were large jaguar teeth, usually two pairs plaited together, and small monkey teeth, several transverse rows of which were joined into a piece up to 30 centimeters wide /479/ extending almost across the entire chest; cf. Plate I /see p. i/ and Fig. 129 /see p. 589/. It was extremely seldom that women were also given these ornaments and, since it is usually reported of the other Bororó that only the men adorned themselves, is probably to be traced back to the upheaval caused by the colonization. It was characteristic that the Indian-thinking and Portuguese-speaking Clemente called the teeth plaited together rosarios, rosaries; in connection with this ornament, the Indians had the idea that it makes one strong and agile. They also extracted teeth from Brazilian prisoners and hung these around themselves; lower jaws of the enemy were worn in the same way. They also promised themselves protection from hair of the dead, which was spun into thread and then plaited into cords which were very difficult to obtain; bunches of hair hung down, along with the feathers, from the arm bands.

Fig. 134. Arara ear-feather. Bororó. (1/6 nat. size /as shown in the original illustration/.)

Fig. 135. Chest ornament of armadillo claws. Bororó. (1/3 nat. size/ as shown in the original illustration/.)

/487 cont./

321 by breaking up a shell and /488/ polishing the edges of the pieces on stone. In this way they bored through teeth and squeezed those that were small in an oaussú nut, several beside one another, so that they would not slip. Also peculiar was their method of making beads out of the carapace of the armadillo. It represents an arched shield made up of numerous small polygons; on the inner side of each polygon there is a natural pin-point depression: the twirl-borer was placed in this, and only after the entire shield was thus evenly perforated like a sieve, was it broken up into the individual small plates, which were strung in a row and polished round.

285 [765] → [142] [301] [302] ←

Fig. 141. Bororó woman with breast strings and arm bands.

Basket-bags into which the bones were packed at the ceremony for the dead, square fire-fans which were also used as plates or were tied on a handle like small flags in order to be used to ward off mosquitoes, and the large sleeping mats made of the oaussú palm leaf (two meters long, 90 centi-[462] meters wide) were plaited. The pouch-shaped carrying baskets apparently were plaited by the women.

283 [462] The men spun. The men's house a spinning room! I confess it gave me an adventurous feeling when I saw for the first time one of these hunters loosening flocks of cotton by jerking them on a bowstring. They spun cotton and the hair of their dead, but in a manner different from that of the women on the Kulisehu. The spindle whorl, four to four and a half centimeters in diameter, was a disk of shell or clay and sat on the upper fourth of the little stick stuck through it. While the left hand held the drawn-out

/495 cont./

526 suddenly become very serious; the problem is to trip up the other one and thus bring him down. One of them opens the attack by trying to get his heel into the hollow of the knee of the other one and to bend it, but the latter places his tensely straightened leg so far back that the former cannot exert any pressure. Soon the attempts follow one another extremely rapidly on both sides until one falls. He may always take revenge. A small, agile, but ugly and one-eyed man whom we called the clown, but who was called Camões by his Cuyaban baptismal name, was excellent at this sort of entertainment in the ranchão, in that he threw three or four of his tallest fellow-tribesmen, one after the other. /496/ His stronger rivals, and surpassing him in size, used to point him out proudly, but at the same moment had his heel in the hollow of their knees and crashed to the ground.

[411] Shooting with the bow on the open plaza was often practiced. The photographs of Plate 28 /see p. 600/ and Fig. 138 /see p. 606/ were taken in connection with this.

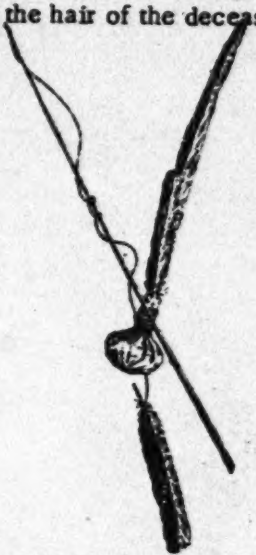
Very popular among old and young was the burika, an invention of the soldiers: a horizontal beam, with short ropes at both ends, which turned in the center on a post; cf. Plate 25 /see p. 552/ where a crowd /Fig. 143 appears here/ of boys is having fun with the game. While one would sit astride on either end and others would run along hanging onto the ropes, the beam was swung around in faster and faster rotation by someone who remained a few moments longer at the post, until the riders were usually hurled to the ground.

524 In Figure 143 /see p. 621/ two kinds of toys are combined: papá, the ball plaited out of maize straw with an arara feather, and tagóra, a whip with a black urubu feather at the end of the string. The boys would swing the feather whip and enjoy the mild excitement of seeing the feather stand upright for a moment upon the ground if the handle of the whip was moved downward with a flick of the wrist. I once saw two boys make a bee and a butterfly flutter on a string.

534 765 Musical instruments; whizzer sticks. Only the large rattle gourds up to 20 centimeters long and a small blow-gourd, poári,

/496 cont./

534 were to be found in ordinary use. The poari served as a signal horn
965 in hunting; it was a gourd of the shape and size of a large apple,
[202] had a round cutout below, and a finger-long, thin little tube set on top, into which a tongue was cut at the side. With small bundles of the hair of the deceased hanging on them, the poaris were to be acquired from the Bororó only with difficulty. The only flute or trumpet that we saw is shown in Fig. 144; it was 1.21 meters long and was blown at the ceremony for the dead and when the bone-baskets were carried back to the house. A drum which was used at the same ceremony in the ranchão did not give the impression /497/ of originality; it was a wooden mortar with a piece of oxhide stretched over it; a couple of sticks of seriba palm wood served as drumsticks.



[524] ←

Fig. 143. Maize ball and feather whip. Bororó. (1/9 nat. size /as shown in the original illustration/.)

Of greater interest are the whizzer sticks, both on account of the air of mystery connected with them, and on account of the painting, for they represent the only painted implement. I have reported on page 381 how the whizzer sticks are used. Whereas they are used on the Kulisehu only for the jolly masquerades or as a toy, they are put to use on the S. Lourenço only in connection with the

Fig. 144. Death flute. Bororó. (1/11 nat. size /as shown in the original illustration/.)

practices of the ceremony for the dead, first of all when the belongings of the dead person are burned and, in a pantomimic dance, it is made clear to the dead, who themselves appear, that nothing

/497 cont./

534 765 belonging to their new associate is being withheld, that in the future they therefore have nothing more to seek in the village, and then later when the bone-basket is disposed of and the deceased leaves the village. The underlying idea of all the ceremonies is the fear that the deceased will return to take away the 534 765 562 living. In the ceremonies undertaken to ward off this possibility, the weaker sex is apprehensively excluded. During this time the women run into the forest or hide in the houses. The signal for them is given by the whizzer stick, whose booming noise has a warning or uncanny character by nature. If they were present, they would risk the danger of dying. Up to this point everything 534 562 784 is logical and natural. Now, however, something more than is necessary happens; in connection with these practices there has developed a danger for the women at even the mere sight of the whizzer stick. They would die if they saw it.

000 Certainly a reinforcement of an exaggerated nature, but not at all incomprehensible. One finds similar exaggerations among our women in their fear of firearms; a lady whom I know held her ears when I showed her a revolver with an open, empty barrel and, in a state of excitement which refused to see and hear anything, begged that it be taken away because -- quoted strictly historically -- "it happens often enough that those things [828] go off even if they are not loaded." When the whizzer stick is heard among the Bororó on the two occasions mentioned, it corresponds to the loaded revolver; there is danger for both men and women, but the apprehension for the latter is greater because in general in the view of the Indian it is part of a woman's nature that she always weeps, "trembles," when animals, enemies, indeed, even waterfalls threaten, and that she is always in need of protection. Now if even the sight of the whizzer stick is dangerous for the woman, this is still partly the fear of the unloaded revolver, partly also a thoughtless form acquired by her as the result of the practice of generations, which is employed with anxious eagerness without examination. In exactly the same way Wallace observed in the Amazonas region that the women flee when the flutes of the jurupari-demon dance are heard, and he was

/503 cont./

855 Waehneldt emphasizes the great love of the parents for their children. "They guard them" he continues, "carefully from kidnappers; as soon as I came among them, they hid them all, and they all reappeared only after they were convinced that there was nothing to fear. One Indian asked me for a remedy for his sick son and said that if the latter should die he would eat so much earth that he would be buried with him." The fact that [304] the lower lip is pierced in order to give children a distinguishing mark thus has a definite reason among the Bororó on the Jaurú 854 also. We can only express ourselves in a similar manner about their love for their children; in spite of the heavy load, the baby was usually taken along into the forest, and on the homeward journey it was enthroned on the shoulders of the mother, her head 593 between its legs. On the other hand, respect for the parents was less clearly expressed; they /504/ were intelligent but impudent scamps who were more stubborn than obedient.

852 Equipping the boys with cuffs is celebrated ceremoniously. They must spend the preceding day in the forest and get nothing to eat. The young warriors are blackened with soot and must endure all kinds of practical jokes; the chief sport is for two parties to station themselves on either side of the fire and toss the boys to each other.

764 Death rites. Let us first learn about the Bororó on the Jaurú [114] from Waehneldt.

"Their mourning- and burial-ceremonies take place in the middle of their villages, in the sanctuary itself (the enclosure 765 mentioned on page 627). We were shown the clean bones of the oldest Indian, deceased a few months previously, who, after he had been buried for six months, was dug up again; the bones were clean and complete in number.

"Each evening at this place they sang mourning songs and danced, while they covered each bone with colorful feathers and richly decorated the skull with arara and other feathers.

"These ceremonies lasted several weeks, whereupon the bones deposited in an urn are buried anew. Not all the dead, however, are honored to the same extent.

/504 cont./

764 "The departed remains on his deathbed untouched for three days until decomposition is already far advanced and there is a disagreeable, nauseating odor; on the third day the corpse is wrapped in skins, mats, and green leaves, laid in the pit, and this again covered with earth, palm leaves, and mats.

"The burial place is in the center of the village and is kept very clean; it had the appearance of a European cemetery."

765 In this valuable account one point must be discussed in more 174 detail. Waehneldt, with his short visit in the Mato Grosso, re- 114 gards the Bororó as ancient inhabitants of the region and believes, since he saw burial in urns, that urns, too, which are found "in abundance in old habitations now forsaken, largely filled with bones," originated among the ancestors of the Bororó. His Bororó, however, are the ones who were settled here by the fazendeiro Leite after long struggles; there are many old urn-cemeteries of the same type in the vicinity of Villa Maria; they have nothing to do with the modern Bororó and 765 are yet to be investigated. Waehneldt himself says that he only 174 "came across a few pots of clay which were made by them and [323] in addition several larger vessels for storing various objects, which were heirlooms from the ancestors because they are no longer made today." Either the Bororó had taken such urns as models and replaced their bone-baskets -- a /illustration appears here/ /505/ first step toward the urn -- with them, or, what I consider more likely in view of their acknowledged inferior performance in ceramics, which corresponds exactly to our Bororó, and the statement that old urns were used for other things, they buried their dead in the old urns which are to be found in such numbers and in part empty at the old dwelling sites 765 now abandoned. The original custom of the Bororó is the same 171 as that of Humboldt's Aturen /Ature/, of whom the traveler found only remnants in the form of 600 well-preserved skeletons colored red with urucú and packed in baskets of palm-leaf ribs as in a square bag, and of whose language only an old parrot of the nearby mission was still able to prattle a few words. The Aturen also, in accordance with tradition, had first laid their corpses in the earth for a time, let the flesh decompose, and

[Text Continues on P. 634]

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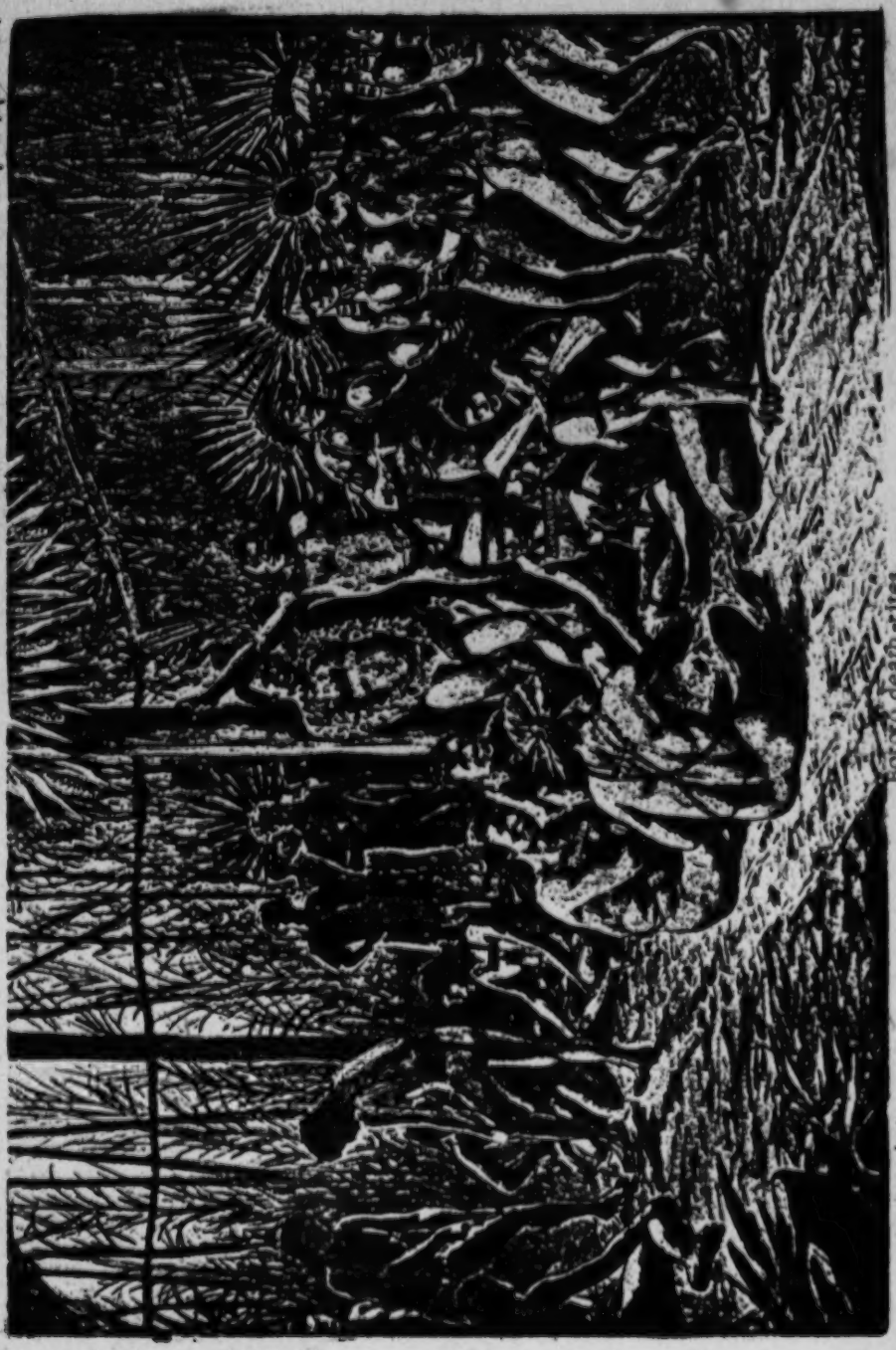

Bororo death-rites.

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765 cleaned the skeletons with sharp stones and transferred them to
171 the baskets. A number of dead were already buried in urns with handles.

764 We were present at two ceremonies for the dead on the S.
[123] Lourenço: the first was in progress at our arrival; we saw the second, which I should like to describe, from beginning to end.

The first burial takes place on the second or third day, when decomposition excludes any doubt about the death. The corpse
765 is buried near the water in the forest, and, after about 14 days, the flesh is removed and the principal ceremony is arranged, the purpose of which is the ornamentation and packing of the skeleton.
[533] In the meantime communication with the deceased is maintained, during the day as well as, and principally, during the night, by means of songs of lamentation in the ranchão, which in our case (cf. page 565) could be kept on a smaller scale, since it was only a woman, the wife of "Coconut-palm."

The principal ceremony took place on Easter Sunday. On the day before, Hallelujah Saturday, after Judas had been disposed of, there were busy preparations in the ranchão: whizzer sticks were planed and painted, the ornamentation repaired, in-between in one corner there was a little desultory rattling and singing by a bari in the feather finery of the parîko. The widower,
[768] Coqueiro, in his hut made cuts in his arms and legs, which became covered with crusts of clotted blood, and late in the afternoon there took place the ceremonious destruction of the belongings of the deceased, or, more correctly, the belongings of her immediate family who had lived in a hut with her -- a procedure with very interesting pantomime, which merits more detailed description.

[302] Several Bororó appeared behind the men's house in full gala
[301] array, hair and body painted with urucú, the forehead framed by the black gum-strip, the festive cuff with the painted flag in place, the arms and hair with green parrot feathers pasted on them, and on their heads two parîkos and baragaras, the feather wheels and the feather-decorated lip-piercers. While two of them sat down on a mat and rattled, Coqueiro himself took fresh green /506/ bunches of leaves, tied them together at the stems

/506 cont./

765 brush-like and fastened them on the most attractively adorned young man, at the shoulders, where he had black tar spots, on his arms, knees, ankles. This Bororó in the green foliage adornment represented the dead in its present state, buried under a covering of green leaves. Four men stepped up with a basket-bag, brought out clothes of Coqueiro's wife, and hung them on the green one who stood there groaning and rocking with his knees -- a picture of misery, according to our concepts a "poor soul," looking strange in the "overloaded" costume of blue arara feathers, green garlands, and five colored cotton skirts. The others, too, hung skirts on themselves, one man a jaguar [534] skin; they gave the green one a small gourd flute with little [535] white feathers pasted on it and performed a dance. A man with two rattle-gourds led the dance, behind him danced the green one, and behind this one the other four, all six sang in chorus and danced, stepping to the right and stepping to the left, first to the ranchão, then turned back, and, dancing, stamped out a circle on the ground. Suddenly they veered off and, in disorder, ran toward the forest where they disappeared.

With the little gourd flute the late deceased called two dead persons who had lain in the earth for a long time. They were supposed to be present when the belongings were surrendered, to receive their new companion, and to be convinced that no one was withholding anything of his which on subsequent disagreeable visits he might demand back from the survivors.

After a quarter of an hour the swarm came storming back with frightful whoops, two of them carried on their backs -- hurrah, the dead ride fast -- two truly ghastly figures, naked, unadorned, plastered from head to foot with wet river loam. 765 With bestial cries the loam-monsters leaped about like wild 768 animals, three whizzer sticks buzzed and whirred through the air [534] like huge bluebottle flies -- no female creature was to be seen [562] far and wide, and the huts lay as though uninhabited, closed up with mats -- in the middle of the recently stamped circle a bright fire was lighted with great bustle, a tremendous load of all kinds of household equipment was dragged up, baskets, fire fans,

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[765] [768] bast bands, bark belts, a red coverlet, many maize ears, gourds, shells; bows and bunches of arrows were broken up, and everything thrown together in a heap. Soon the scene took on a [535] semblance of order; the men formed a circle around the fire and moved slowly round and round, leaping up with both feet. The green one was seized and held down by the two loam creatures, whom we at first scarcely recognized as good old Moguyokuri and the chief bari (the archer on Plate 28). The gourds rattled, the whizzer sticks buzzed, the fire now blazed up. The green [535] one was released, and he and a second man behind him in the [768] parîko, /507/ dancing all around and always stepping to the side, first to the right, then to the left, threw the things into the [755] flames. Meanwhile -- and that, it seemed to me, was the strangest thing in the entire performance -- the two old dead persons cured a sick woman who had suddenly arrived, I know not how. They blew upon her and probably gave her the comforting assurance that she would not be fetched away so very soon. Several ran to the nearby river and threw knives and axes into it. Coqueiro tended the fire, dance and song ceased, the feather ornaments were placed beside the fire, and the green one added his garlands, the baris squatted in a row, one behind the other, and [622] were doused with water. Immediately thereafter great commotion: the dog of a soldier had bitten a child; Moguyokuri, still covered with loam, angrily accosts the owner, who, for his own safety, betakes himself to prison; this satisfies the chief, and with his hand he closes the mouth of the scolding mother, who now goes off silently, but grinning happily and sticking her tongue out.

[533] The following night uninterrupted arôe singing on the part of the Indians; no one stayed in the huts or in the ranchão; men, women, and children were outside. Uninterrupted music-making, dancing, laughing and bad singing among the soldiers. Magnificent moonlight. The first solemn hour of the Easter festival revealed marvelous contrasts between the groups for the resurrection.

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765 In the morning, led by Moguyokuri, a long procession entered the ranchão, all with green twigs in their hands; in the center, the brother of the deceased with the square basket-bag containing the skeleton parts, which had been dug out and cleaned early in the morning. The basket was placed on a mat; four men took out the skull and the lower jaw, which looked smooth and white like the most beautiful specimens, and set about decorating them as well as a new basket-bag with feathers.
[302] [301] Moguyokuri sat on a jaguar skin in gala array, skin and hair painted red, an akuri palm branch wrapped around his hips, dark-blue mutung feathers glued on his shoulders, the yellowish red lappets of toucan feathers hanging down from his ears, the most beautiful parîko on his head, the shell chain in the hole of his lower lip. Beside him stood four medicine men [756] adorned with parîkos, who busily shook the rattle-gourds and, rhythmically stamping, jumped up and down, their eyes closed. The entire ranchão was filled with people, chiefly women and children; they joined in the singing and clapped their hands rhythmically. Several of the women stepped up to the bone-basket and laid their hands on it. The oldest woman scratched [785] her arms with broken glass in quick, sharp cuts; the blood dripped on the hands of the others and colored the palm straw of the basket-bag.

[302] [301] The young men in the center first had their lower jaws painted with urucú and covered with white down feathers. Be- [237] side them on the mat they had urucú pigment in an armadillo shell, a little pot containing fish oil, a shell with gum-resin, a mat with little loose white feathers, and a /508/ large bowl filled with little purple feathers. They painted the new basket generously inside and out with urucú, and, while some of them glued feathers on the basket, the others devoted themselves to the skull, into which they set the lower jaw and on which they most carefully pasted the small purple feathers, starting at the back of the skull. Each feather was brushed on the end with a resin stick and set on individually.

/508 cont./

765 [152] Meanwhile Coqueiro also arrived, holding a child by the hand. He sat down quietly to one side, sobbed and wept. He wore no ornament, except the black cord around his waist, which he had spun and plaited out of his wife's hair. His cheeks were wet with tears; he squeezed his eyes shut as though weeping were painful.

Gradually the vault of the skull was covered with red arara velvet. If a person had to wipe off his hands, he used the basket. Some of those present soon no longer paid any attention to the celebration. The children were running about gaily, a few men were munching on ears of maize and working, a couple of women were delousing each other, but kept on singing devoutly. It also became emptier.

One eventually became drowsy from all the whirring and booming tones. A drummer joined in, a pelt of small parrot feathers pasted on his arms. The room filled up again. Seven 765 785 women stepped up to the old bone-basket, scratched themselves, and placed their feet on it so that their blood soaked the straw too. Cf. Plate 29 /see p. 633/. The wounds were two to three centimeters apart, a red network covered legs and arms, chests and abdomens. Their facial expression remained calm and showed no pain; the scratching was done with extremely quick movements. They all wrapped their sliver of glass in a leaf, handed [562] it to Coqueiro, and sat down beside him. New groups came to scratch themselves, always only women and girls, and did what the preceding ones had done; each one, before she made a scratch, put the sliver to her mouth and moistened it. Booming and droning, two flutes joined the music of the rattling gourds, the drum, the singing and stamping. The singers danced with incredible endurance. Coqueiro also squatted down beside the basket and scratched his arms, while a woman stood beside him with her child on her back.

765 Toward noon the skull and the basket were finished. In the case of the former, the red velvet cap was interrupted by a pretty yellow cross-line, corresponding to the cranial suture. Snowy white feathers were glued on the new basket, and on either side, in the white area, two rows of red squares, like

/508 cont./

765 windows, were put on. It looked quite charming and dainty, what the crude hunters had worked out there. Now a special act was performed, the "consecration" of the skull and new basket. A sort of chapel or sanctuary was built in that five bows were planted in a semicircle, mats leaned against them, and coverlets hung on them and over them. In this niche /509/ was placed the decorated basket, three whizzer sticks as yet unpainted were leaned against it, and the skull laid on a mat filled with a loose heap of feathers; the most active of the baris sat down in the entrance, which was blocked by his body and the drummer standing behind him -- now without his drum. To encourage them, two pots of water, loam-yellow river water, and three [533] cigars had been put in the niche. Starting slowly, in a deep voice, the two began their song, and the bari swung a rattle in each hand. The others sat around happily, played little pranks, begged for tobacco, and merely hummed along in the final measure. Gradually, however, the singing became more animated, high women's voices joined in energetically, and at the niche the two leaders of the singing worked with all their might, until, after three-quarters of an hour, they were utterly exhausted. They bent down in the niche in order to drink, but their whole bodies shook as in fever, so that the water jug had to be held; they wiped off the perspiration and were able to stammer only a few inarticulate sounds, to which the chorus responded in [276] unison with several restrained grunts of approval. Trembling, they smoked their cigars.

[535] The coverlets were removed; six men, Coqueiro now among them, swung the rattles, sang, and danced, always with eyes closed, wholly absorbed in themselves. We, too, danced and rattled for a while, to the delight of the Indians. Only one or another would occasionally pause for a while, smoke his cigar meanwhile with great haste, and wipe off the sweat that poured in streams from the bodies of the six. Numerous women sang along, passing the time with delousing, or fanned the dancers rhythmically to cool them, standing behind them; a large number of men lay stretched out along the wall and rested. There was a general pause only once, and the singing was supplanted by the merry jingle of the harmonica coming

/509 cont./

765 from the soldiers' huts, but after three or four minutes Moguyokuri's gourd rattled as a signal to continue. All the bones are separately painted with urucú -- successively the thigh, upper arm, lower arm, lower leg, the pelvis split into two parts, the ribs and the bones of the hands and feet down to the last little bone of the toes. For a child there is less work; it is packed in toto. If too much of the oil dripped from the bones, covers and mats were placed underneath; nothing was to be lost. Hands were wiped on the palm branches that had been brought along. All the parts of the skeleton, the small bones of the hands and feet wrapped in separate leaves, were carefully placed in the basket, articles of clothing -- three pairs of trousers (Mrs. Coqueiro!), a woman's jacket, three shirts -- were added, and finally the used palm branches were stuffed into the basket-bag, which was full to bursting. It was sewed shut with foot-long wooden needles; Moguyokuri's powerful fist was required to bring the edges together. The palm branches sticking out at both corners were cut off.

/510/ At 5:15 they were finished; they sang a little longer, but during the final hour it had become uncannily quiet and the proceedings came to an end without any kind of ceremonious conclusion; they simply stopped. Moguyokuri asked for my pipe and chatted contentedly. The ceremony was already for-
[534] gotten. An old woman took the bone-basket on her back, and a young chap strode ahead of her, blowing the large death flute in melancholy fashion. No one paid any attention to them. Thus the two walked along in the gathering darkness, youth and age -- a mood-invoking little evening scene, as in a fairy tale. With a few moaning sounds they delivered the basket to Coqueiro, who was sitting in his empty hut, and hastily came back to the others. And two hours later on this Easter Sunday the Kayapó /Cayapo/ hullabaloo broke out.

[768] Coqueiro had kept nothing. His friends made bow and arrows and presented them to him. On the third morning after the ceremony he took the bone-basket away, and a woman laden with a like burden strode behind him. For it is the custom that

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765 one deceased waits for the next and the two leave the village together. Again no one seemed to pay any attention to them, and one would have thought two baskets of mandioca were being carried away. But soon four young people came along rather hurriedly and followed them into the forest: the first was swinging a whizzer stick; the second and third uttered loud cries of terror; the fourth cleared a broad path behind him with a palm leaf in order to obliterate the footprints and make it difficult for the dead to return. No woman was to be seen. One also carried a hoe /Hacke/. The baskets were buried, it was believed, on a small island lying upstream.

827 Soul and existence after death. For a person who is awake, there is action at a distance, which reminds one of our belief in ear-ringing. On the Kulisehu Tumayaua said to me once when I sneezed that my wife was calling me and that she was said because I had not yet returned. On a similar occasion, the very same thing was maintained by the Bororó; another time, when I stood beside an Indian woman and sneezed, she immediately asked me the names of my relatives: "What is your mother's name? Your brother's? Your brother-in-law's?"

774 828 The "soul" is called búpe. In the dream it leaves the body. The fear of waking up one who is sleeping was clearly expressed. Even Clemente believed that it was very harmful. It also has its advantages, however, as we once saw in the ranchão. Wilhelm wanted to draw a sleeping man. Now this seemed to be the [754] greater evil, apparently because one could practice sorcery with the picture; the Bororó generally resisted Wilhelm's efforts, but, on the other hand, they were pleased later when he showed them portraits made surreptitiously. In any case, the drawing of this sleeping man seemed hazardous to them. They wanted to waken him, and, when I prevented them from doing so and criticized them, /511/ they also tried surreptitiously (by spitting and throwing little pieces of wood) to achieve their purpose.

I do not know the exact meaning of búpe. During the dream, the soul flies away in the shape of a bird. Then it sees and hears many things. What the waking person reported is firmly believed.